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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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"AS TELLS ME AS HE WAS THE SAME TRADE AS MY."

JESUS THE CARPENTER.

BY C. LIDDELL.

"Isn't this Joseph's son?"—ay, it is he;
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me.
I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as his shed must ha' stood—
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me!

He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has thoughts a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed.
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed,
(We've been forty year wed.)

So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Was the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaf, let it go;
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected ye know!

—*Day of Rest.*

Temperance Department.

BENNIE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

No one thought it "The Elms," or "The Oaks," or "The Willows," although the little stream running through the farm was fringed with willows, while elms of a century's growth adorned the meadows, and the adjacent hills were crowned with gigantic oaks. It was just the old homestead, dear to the heart of every child born to a share of its possessions.

Eight sons and daughters had been here nurtured and educated, to go forth and play their part in the great drama of life. Of these, one remained at home to care for father and mother, and till the broad acres which constituted their whole material wealth.

People said it was strange there should be such a diversity of gifts in the same family; but there was not one characteristic which the parents did not trace back to some ancestor, personally or traditionally known.

The fairest face was like to that of an old portrait treasured as a precious heirloom. The oldest son, winning fame and more substantial rewards for eloquent appeals and powerful arguments, had a double claim to the name of one of the old colonial lawyers. There was "the doctor," whose dower of medical and surgical skill might have been transmitted from one of the first physicians of the olden time. The merchant emulated the example of another merchant whose East India ventures had brought him immense profits. There was also a sweet singer and player upon instruments, especially delighting in the legendary history of a kinswoman who had enchanted all who heard her by the melody of her voice and the witchery of her fingers.

But, alas! there was a taint in the blood, manifesting itself from time to time in the recklessness and dissipation of some members of the family. Their names were spoken with bated breath and the hearts they had broken gave few signs of the agony endured, yet they were never forgotten. They were the brightest and bravest of all, but they had fallen before an enemy as insidious as it is deadly.

"We have five boys. Pray God the curse may pass them by," said the noble mother to her husband when these boys were all resting securely in their home.

"Amen," was responded fervently. "We must pray, and labor, and trust. I have no fear of Richard, or Daniel, or Thomas, or William. They are true and firm wherever principle is at stake."

"Bennie is tenderest of them all," the mother hastened to say, as if reassuring herself. "He is a dear, handsome boy, and if he does wrong he is quick to confess it and ask forgiveness."

"Yes, wife, he has a tender heart, and we can trust him in God's keeping. If he would be contented to settle down with us here, he wouldn't have so many temptations; but he'll be sure to want to go to the city. He can make his way there, too, and make friends, if—"

"Don't speak it, husband. I can't bear to doubt one of my boys. I don't suppose I love my boys better than other mothers love theirs, but I can't feel for others as I do for myself. They must bide their time, and I must bide mine, but may God save Bennie!"

Forty years went by. The husband and father died, but the mother still lived, with faculties unimpaired and mother-love undimmed. The month of roses would witness her eightieth birthday. Children and grandchildren were summoned to celebrate the occasion, and their hearty responses testified to the warmth of affection she had inspired. When the long-looked for day arrived she was like a queen receiving the homage of loyal and loving subjects.

But there was one missing. Bennie, the tenderest of them all and the first to acknowledge a fault, had died many years before, leaving a wife and son, the latter then too young to realize the loss which had fallen upon them. He had not seen much of his grandmother. They had met only during brief visits, when the novelty of country life had absorbed his whole attention. But he was now fast growing to manhood, and naturally thought more of his father and his father's home.

His mother, who had remained a widow, and whom recent losses of property had compelled to think seriously of the future of herself and son, was glad to leave the surroundings of fashion and gayety to which she had been all her life accustomed. So she came and sat at the feet of one who both counselled and consoled her.

"It's better for Amos to depend on himself than to have a fortune put into his hands," said the old lady tenderly. "I don't know but you'll think hard of me for it, but I was ready to thank the Lord when I knew the bank had failed that you had so much money in. Richard says there's enough for you, and Amos don't need it; he don't, dear;" and a wrinkled hand was laid lovingly upon the upturned brow of the daughter-in-law.

"But I don't think of myself, mother; it is for Amos I wish to do so much. He is the only link between me and my husband, and it seems to me that never another woman loved her husband as I loved mine."

"I know you loved my Bennie, dear, and he loved you; and your boy is like what mine was at his age, only mine was brought up to work on a farm, and yours was brought up in the city without work."

"It was not necessary for Amos to work. There was enough for us both, and my father was glad to provide for us."

"Yes, dear, but your boy needs the discipline of work. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but my Bennie had one failing. It troubled you, dear, as it did me, and I've worried for fear Amos would be like his father about liquor. As far back as we can go in my husband's family, there's always been one hard drinker in every generation. Sometimes there's been more, but always one, and it seems strange it should be—it's been them that might have done the best if it hadn't been for drinking. I never told you of this before, but I thought the right time had come to put you on your guard."

"I knew my husband's weakness and I thought about it; it troubled me a little sometimes, said the young woman, hesitatingly; "but I never feared that he would dishonor himself or neglect me. I know he would never have abused me."

"I am thankful he never did, dear. He was generous and loving."

"And so is Amos, mother. He has been my comfort all these years."

"And I hope he will be your comfort as long as he lives. But I tremble for you both sometimes. He don't know what 'tis to deny himself much that he wants."

"No, mother, he don't; it has been a pleasure to me to gratify his wishes. I never thought he needed to be taught self-denial. I trusted his father, and I have trusted him. Perhaps I have indulged him too much. His Uncle Richard might have done better for him than I have, but I intended to do right. Please talk to him, mother; he reverences you, and you can have great influence over him."

Amos was the favorite nephew and cousin, strikingly like his father, and proud of the resemblance; yet Richard Stanwood knew of grave irregularities committed by his father when under the influence of intoxicating drinks. There were business deficits, also, which had been concealed from the public, while brothers and sisters had contributed of their means to replace the funds squandered by his extravagance. They had done this without the knowledge of their mother, but she knew enough of this son's career to cause her much sorrow.

So far as possible his wife had been spared all loss of confidence in her husband, but she was now plainly warned of the danger which seemed imminent.

"What shall I do for Amos to make sure that he will continue temperate?" asked Mrs. Benjamin Stanwood after a long silence, in which she reviewed many events now invested with a new significance. "Some of his young friends have taken a pledge never to taste even a drop of wine, or ale, or beer; but when my father was alive he ridiculed such pledges as foolish and unmanly. It doesn't seem to me possible that Amos needs to be bound to any promises in regard to the use of wine."

"I think he does need it, my dear; I should feel safer about him. My Bennie needed to take such a pledge, but when he was young, folks didn't understand about it as well as they do now, and wine was'n't reckoned with rum and brandy. Such a pledge would have saved my boy. If he'd put his name to it, he'd kept it; he wouldn't broke his word."

"No more would Amos; he says his word shall be as good as his bond. He is a truthful boy."

"I'm glad of it. Then, if he'd sign the total abstinence pledge he'd be safe. I wish every one of my children and grandchildren would sign it."

"Tell them so, mother; now is the very time. No one will refuse to grant you the favor."

"Then write the pledge, dear, and I will do what I can."

When this paper was presented a murmur of surprise passed from lip to lip, and there were several not quite prepared to bind themselves to such abstinence; but it was mother's birthday and she had a right to expect compliance with her requests. One after another affixed their names cheerfully or reluctantly, yet all with an earnest purpose.

Amos kept himself in the background, thus revealing his unwillingness to sign the pledge, and at the same time betraying his need of so doing. His was the very last signature, and, having written it in bold characters, he said with sharp emphasis, while tears filled his eyes,

"Grandmother, that was the hardest of anything you could have asked me to do; but now I have taken the pledge, I will keep it, and may God help me!"—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

Germany is pre-eminently the land of smoke and smokers. Pipes and lager beer are the bane and curse of the nation. At last the German Government has taken the matter in hand, and undertakes to limit the growing evil. Dr. M. L. Holbrook in the *National Temperance Advocate* states the following facts in reference to the Government prohibition of the use of tobacco by boys in the German empire. He says:

"In Germany if a boy is caught smoking he is locked up. The Government has become anxious about the effect of tobacco on the physique of the soldiers of the future, and in order to rectify in some measure the evil, ordered the police to arrest all boys found smoking in the streets if they are under sixteen years old, and to have them punished by fine and imprisonment.

"According to reports resulting from Government investigation, a clearly defined line has been discovered between the smokers and the non-smokers who attend the polytechnic schools, those who do not smoke being decidedly superior in general scholarship and mental vigor. The poisonous nicotine, so far counteracted in the adult smoker by the resisting forces of his mature constitution, takes hold of the forming tissues of the young, and does its injurious work without hinderance.

"We have recently presented this subject of the prohibition of boys smoking in Germany to a German, who writes in reply: "In Germany the education of children is very different from what it is here in America. The children, almost without exception, look upon their parents with the highest respect. A word from them, a wish, is an order that must be obeyed. They are dependent upon their parents longer than most American boys; attend school from the sixth to the fourteenth year; and those parents who can afford it send their children to school for a much longer period. They are much more severely disciplined and punished by whipping on the slightest disobedience. The schools are managed differently from American schools. A German boy does not dare to smoke. He knows that if he does, and is caught at it, he will be punished. I am sorry to say, however, that nearly every German man smokes."

"It might be suggested to our German friends that prohibition extending to the later years of life would be more effectual. It stops too soon, before boys' habits for life are formed. Prohibition during the earliest years of life seems to work well. Let it be tried longer."—*The Christian.*

FOUND WANTING.—It is seldom that any work of great physical endurance is performed without some reference to the practice and advantages of total abstinence. The popular fallacy which attributes some supporting virtue to alcohol is "found wanting" where it ought to be self-vindicative, if vindication were possible. For example, in an interesting article in the *Daily News* on the diver's calling, it is instructive to meet with the following statement:—"Those healthy athletic men who are mostly to be found practising the diver's calling are not supposed to be subject to any disease specially attributable to the nature of their work. But should anything be wrong with the diver—if he but have a simple cold—it tells upon his capacity for diving work. Accordingly he may not trifle with his constitution, and wise experienced divers are careful about what they drink. Many of them are absolute teetotalers, and think it the height of unwisdom to stimulate themselves with alcohol when at work." The explanation in these and all similar cases is one and the same—alcohol exhausts vital power and does not impart it.—*Alliance News.*

WRITING from Rome, to the Chairman of a Manchester Meeting on Juvenile Smoking, Mr. Hewitt said:—A friend of mine, and an occasional fellow-traveller, has been accustomed to triumph over me in places infested with mosquitoes, and enjoyed his laugh at their attacks on me, whilst he was thoroughly exempt by smoking; and on such occasions has exclaimed merrily: "There! you see now the advantage of tobacco!" The other day, however, he wrote to me that he had utterly abandoned both pipe and cigar, as they had inflicted on him worse stings than those of mosquitoes.

AT THE annual conference of teachers held recently in London, the following resolution after a long discussion was adopted:—"That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable and advantageous to bring up children to the practice of total abstinence."

THE ART OF PURIFYING HOUSES.

All great reforms have, in times past and present, always run to extremes in their first developments, and thus we see in sanitary matters that the use of disinfectants has become almost an abuse. So many people who notice an offensive drain-odor in their houses are quite satisfied that, having put down the usual powders and disinfecting fluids, they have cured the evil. We cannot too strongly and forcibly bring to the notice of all intelligent persons, that it is worse than useless to use one disagreeable odor to cover up another, with the idea of curing it—you do not cure the evil, you but ignore it—and for all time it should be a proverb, applied morally, socially, politically, and, last but not least, physically, that no evil is ever cured by being ignored.

Therefore do not place carbolic powder boxes, nor sprinkle chloride of lime, &c., where your drain openings exist, merely to distract your nose's attention from the sewer gas which is issuing from some leaking pipe or choked trap—by so doing you but ignore nature's warning that, like the premonitory smoke and rumblings of a volcano, advises you of the eruption of disease to come.

Remember, first of all, that fresh air and fresh water are the supreme king and queen of disinfectants; these being pure and bountifully used, you will not need to employ chemicals, except in the case of infectious and contagious illnesses.

To insure the air-washing or ventilation of your house, look to state of your ventilators, if you have any, that they are kept in repair and perfect working order. If unprovided with these inventions, make your own by keeping your windows opened both top and bottom, if only the width of an inch day and night.

People who sleep with their doors and windows tightly shut, wonder why they get up in the morning feeling weary and unrefreshed, as if they needed more sleep, or had sat up late the night before. The explanation is very simple. They have been breathing air vitiated with the organic matter they throw off from their lungs during their sleep, and are to a certain extent poisoned.

The poor are very slow to believe this; they think you will kill them with cold if you propose to open a window; but just place a saucer of diluted Condy's fluid in the shut-up room for one night, and then show them the scum of organic matter with which it is covered in the morning, absorbed from air vitiated by the breath of even only one person, and they will be surprised.

Teach them that fresh air must never mean a draught; that if the cold or weather is too severe to have their bed-room window open and the door shut, then *faute de mieux* they must open the door; but the window, if possible, is always better, as rooms ventilated from the house have in the air frequently a certain amount of sewer gas.

We turn now to the other great necessary of health—water—as important to the well-being of the house as of the individual. Supposing that your supply is good, take care that the tap from which you draw your drinking-water is the nearest to the main, so that it comes straight in from the street, and is always fresh. Allow no one in the house to drink from any other tap, as water-pipes are often laid near those from which sewage gas can arise, and in any case contain water which has either stood in a cistern or remained in them for some time, and is therefore unwholesome. Few people realize that water "goes bad" by keeping, as certainly as milk does. Never drink water which has stood uncovered in a closed or sleeping room all night; it is thoroughly impure.

Filters are, of course, the best means of securing the purity of water, but as all cannot afford them, we would suggest to the great water companies supplying large towns, that in the same way as the parochial authorities and gas companies undertake the cleansing of dust-bins and care of gas metres, they should supply and supervise a fixed filter, which ought to be attached to the water-works of every house, and placed on the principal pipe coming in from the main. The water company should have this in their special charge, changing the filtering apparatus and cleansing the filter at stated times, so that in addition to the purification we are assured the water gets before leaving the great reservoirs, every house might have its own filter. This would prevent any chance, however remote, of the spread of fatal disease by means of the water supply. Unfortunately, however, it is in the house that water generally becomes impure. It does not do to wait for inspectors to come and detect the errors of your drains. You must look about for yourself, and if you find any place or places where there is a bad smell, do not only put down disinfectants (which are very useful in their way), but never rest till you have hunted down and unearthed it.

Look to your cisterns, and have them cleaned out (and scrubbed when not made of lead) at frequent and stated times, so that soot and dirt shall not collect in them and poison your water. See that all sinks and traps to waste water pipes are kept thoroughly free from any kind of impurities, such as hair, tea-leaves, grease; nay, go even further, and discover whether your waste pipes have been blocked by extraneous matter, which often happens as there are few servants who do not look upon them as metal boa-constrictors, capable of digesting anything. Of course the mischief may be even deeper down, quite in the drains, but do not let this daunt you, nor hesitate to have the flags of your kitchen or yard taken up, and the evil thoroughly investigated.

It has been suggested that a skilled, intelligent plumber should be employed by the authorities to occasionally go the round of every house, taking special and personal charge of the sanitary matters connected therewith. This would greatly relieve householders, who, with the best desire, rarely understand drainage and sanitary systems enough to detect a flaw quickly. The best plumbers, too, have yet much to learn; but, as a body, they are acquiring the necessary knowledge as quickly as can be expected. After this long chat about air and water, we come at last to house-scrubbing and washing.

All yards, kitchens, and passages in the basement should be whitewashed at least twice a year, and the paint well cleaned or renewed at intervals. If a room is to be cleaned as it should be, the floor must be scrubbed, the paint washed, and the walls brushed with a strong feather-broom. For scrubbing, the servant should have a pail of clean hot water, in which some soda has been melted, a new piece of house-flannel, and a clean scrubbing-brush—you can never make anything clean with dirty implements. Should the floor not be very dirty, ordinary soap rubbed on the brush will be sufficient; but if a great cleaning is required, use soft-soap on the brush instead. Take the flannel to rinse off the soap, wringing it each time to dry the floor. The great secret of good floor-washing is never to do the whole room with the same water, but change it two or three times in a small room, and more frequently in a large one. Servants are very difficult to impress with the necessity of this, as they like to make the same water, as well as other things, serve many purposes. Soft-soap is apt to leave an offensively "washy" smell afterward sometimes; this will soon pass if the windows are opened and a free current of air admitted. To wash paint, which is done best with very little soda in the water, the servant should be careful to begin at the bottom of the door or wall, &c., as any little streams that run down make none of the marks on a wet surface that they do on a dry one. Take a clean chamois leather, wrung out in fresh water, to dry it.

Pails should be always scalded every morning, put out in the air, and scoured with salt and sand, or salt and turpentine, followed by a copious rinsing once a week, especially toilet pails. Never allow a pail to be used for any other purpose than that for which it is intended. Keep each to its own special use. The scrubbing-brush too needs attention, and unless kept clean will smell. Have it well rinsed, and all hair and pieces of flannel fluff picked out of it, every time after using. Cloths and washing-flannels must be thoroughly rinsed in separate waters, and hung out in the open air to dry.

Thus far we have but mentioned the simplest rules and means of common house-cleaning and washing; rules which to disobey will bring their own punishment, and means which are within the power of every one. Illness makes us, however, still more on our guard, for life depends often on the care we take at such times, and this is not always realized. If a room has to be washed during illness it should be done with carbolic soap, chloride of lime, or a strong solution of copperas in the water. Place small basins of Condy's fluid, diluted according to given directions, about the sick-chamber, and put some in every vessel that has to remain in the room. If the air is offensive, some aromatic vinegar, or stalks of dried lavender burned on hot cinders, and wafted around, will sweeten it; but it is better to admit fresh air if possible. Clothes which have to be removed from a room where a contagious or infectious complaint exists, must be either sprinkled with disinfectants before being sent to the wash (and due notice must always be given to the laundress) or taken to the public fumigatories, and thoroughly disinfected. The same treatment must be pursued with all household linen and bedding after an illness; every bed and pillow used by invalids should be opened, the cover washed in disinfectant water, and the feathers, hair, or wool-stuffing baked at the fumigatories; in some cases it is even advisable to burn and entirely destroy them, but of this the sanitary officers are the best judges.—*A. A. Strange Butson, in Cassell's Magazine.*

Learn About the Pulse.—Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the health pulse of each child—as now and then a child is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of seven, about 80; and from twenty to sixty years, is 70 beats a minute, declining at four score. A healthful grown person's pulse beats seventy times a minute; there may be good health down to sixty; but if the pulse always exceeds seventy, there is a disease; the machine is working itself out; there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is over seventy, gradually increasing, with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110 to 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for two months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected. There are, however, peculiar constitutions in which the pulse may be over seventy in health.

Pine Cones for Fire Kindling.—Almost the universal article used on the Continent for kindling fires are dry pine cones. A couple of these is usually enough to start a fire of dry wood, and several of them contain enough resinous material to start a coal fire without other kindling. They are readily ignited with a match, and are free from dust and insects. In Paris and other large cities on the Continent, scarcely any other than pine cones are used for kindling purposes in the hotels, and it is a wonder to us that they have not been introduced for the same purpose here. We believe a large and profitable business might be made from gathering the cones in pine growing regions and selling them in our cities.—*Scientific American.*

It Becomes very difficult to understand what is meant by "indigenous" in botany. A correspondent of the *Botanical Gazette* finds the common purslane in Dallas County, Texas. There "you may go one hundred miles from civilization, break the prairie, and the second summer will be sure to see purslane covering the field." This weed has always puzzled the explorers. It is often found in wild regions, far away from the haunts of man; but when we remember that the bird or the wild beast goes into the wilderness long before man does, and how easy it is for a seed so small as that of purslane to take an excursion on a feather or in a furry coat, this is no proof that it is indigenous.

A Number of notes have recently appeared in *The American Naturalist* showing that several snakes imitate the rattlesnake in vibrating their tails, and thus producing a "buzzing noise," when disturbed or teased. The rattlesnake has usually been regarded as a stumbling-block in the way of evolutionists; but three species of coluber, or racing snakes, produced a buzzing sound by shaking the tail, and thus, as throughout Nature, there are facts pointing to a reduction to general laws of what seem in superficial observations to be exceptions to general rules.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS.

Ink and iron-mould can be removed from linen by any acid that will dissolve the red oxide of iron which is found in ink and iron, but care must be taken that the acid is not too strong or the fabric of the goods will be destroyed. Oxalic acid is very good to take out such spots, and salts of lemon also; but both must be carefully used or the cloth will be weakened; and it should be remembered that both are deadly poisons.

To use salts of lemon, crush a little of the salts fine and lay on the ink-spot or iron-mould. Then drop enough hot water into the salts to moisten it. Lay it on a water-plate, having boiling water in the reservoir; or, if no water-plate, put it over a tin plate set over boiling water, but only for a few minutes. Then remove it and rinse quickly. If some stain still lingers apply again in the same manner, or several times may be needed if the spots have been of long standing.

But we have a great repugnance to the use of these acids, both on account of the danger of rotting the cloth and because they are poisonous. A moment's carelessness, especially where there are young children, may be fatal. We prefer to mix equal parts of salt, pulverized starch and soft-soap, and wet them into a paste with clear lemon-juice. Lay the garment in the sun on the grass, or put it in a window where the sun shines hottest; keep it there several hours, or all day if need be, renewing the application every hour or two if once does not prove sufficient. It will be enough if the spots are fresh. When all have disappeared rinse off in cold water; then wash and boil as usual. Do not put the article into the suds until all the stains have been removed.

Or dip the spot in sour buttermilk and dry in the hot sun, re-dipping it several times until the spots are no longer visible; then wash and boil as usual. In either method the application should be put on both sides.

Stains from vegetables or fruit can usually be extracted, if taken in season, by drawing the cloth tightly over a large bowl and pouring boiling water over the spot; but if left to dry they are more difficult to erase. A little soda rubbed on the spot and just moistened with water will remove the stain, but endanger the strength of the cloth. A mixture of ammonia and spirits of wine is safer. The spot should soak in it several hours.—*Mrs. Beecher.*

Croquettes of Fowl or Meat.—Mince the meat finely, removing the skin and bones, and fry four small onions in one tablespoonful of butter until brown, then mix them together and dredge the whole with one tablespoonful of flour, and add pepper, salt and ground mace or nutmeg at pleasure. Beat two eggs with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and stirring lightly through the mass, set it away until cold. Then make into oblong balls the size of a large pigeon's egg; dip each one in beaten egg and then in crumbs rolled very fine; fry to a rich brown in plenty of boiling lard, butter, or dripping, and serve on a bed of mashed potato, with a light feathery border made by quickly grating a boiled potato directly on the platter.

Apple Cake.—Take two cups of dried apples; stew just enough to chop easily; chop as fine as raisins and boil in two cups of molasses till preserved through; drain off the molasses, then add two eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, five cups of flour and spices of all kinds; add the apples and one large cup of raisins the last thing.

Plain Corn Cake.—One tablespoonful brown sugar; one teaspoonful butter or shortening, stirred well together; one cup sour milk; one teaspoon saleratus. Stir in yellow cornmeal until it will run from the spoon; too much spoils it. Bake in a quick oven and let it stand in the tin for a few moments, it will come out so much better.

A Scientific journal recommends a strong, hot solution of alum water, as "the best insect destroyer ever known." Apply it boiling hot with a brush to any place infested with vermin of any description, and they must die.

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER XII.—*(Continued.)*

The child had been brought to her without any wish of her own; and she had put herself out of all her customary ways to care for her and the old man. She had nursed him through his illness and death, and tended her neighbor at much cost and sacrifice to herself. And now that she had come home refreshed and rested in body, and with her mind roused with the pleasant thought of restoring Dot to her mother, it was a hard blow to find the child lost.

"God is taking care of her," said Abbott, briefly. His face wore an expression of great disappointment also. He scarcely knew himself how deep an interest he felt in Hagar's troubles; but he had never known a warmer glow of pleasure than he had done a few minutes ago, in the positive assurance that he was about to carry Dot home to her mother, and be able to break to her the news of her father's death, whilst she was upheld by the delight of having the little girl once again in her arms. Still the child could not be lost altogether; there were too many children among the poor for any one to wish to kidnap another except for its good clothes; and Dot's clothing would not be very good. It was a great gain to know where she had been so lately as last evening; and surely it would not now be difficult to trace her. It was something, too, to know that Hagar's father had died peacefully in his bed, tended kindly by a good old woman like Mrs. Clack. Poor Hagar! She would not lie awake again long hours of the night, wondering where his old gray head was sheltering. He had been cared for as long as he lived; and he had escaped the doom he dreaded, that of dying in the workhouse.

"God bless you!" he said, "for all you've done for them. I'm going now to strike whilst the iron's hot. The little lass can't be far away. I'll come in again on Monday; to-morrow I run down to Birkenhead, stay there Sunday, and come back on Monday. But I'll send Hagar to you; and there's my address, if you hear aught of the child. Good-by, Mrs. Clack."

The place looked still more forlorn and desolate when Abbott was gone. She could scarcely believe it had ever seemed so solitary in the old times, when she had lived quite alone. Now the poor old blind fiddler was dead, Dot lost, and Don away; oh, how dreary and lonesome it was! What pleasure would the fresh eggs and yellow butter be to her if there was nobody to share them? But surely Don would be coming home soon, very soon. She had not heard of him for a fortnight, when Peggy had gone to the Fever Hospital to enquire after him; but he was nearly well then; and he must soon be dismissed. At any rate she would go and see after him to-morrow.

Somewhat comforted by this resolution, Mrs. Clack roused herself, and set about restoring her room to its accustomed appearance. She unwrapped and shook out two or three of the smartest gowns to decorate the bed-posts, and put the best bonnets she had in stock upon the top of them, and she clothed the bare walls with the gayest mantles and shawls. Home was looking like home again, and by-and-by her nervous depression was over, and she was ready to answer the door when she heard a low, single knock, very like Don's. It was not Don, however, but Peggy Watson, with a cracked tea-pot in her hand.

PEGGY WATSON'S APOLOGY.

"Please, Mrs. Clack," she said, in a penitent voice, "I've made you a cup of good tea, and I'm very sorry I was so impudent. Father's come home and flogged me, and I never said a word against it. I'm sure I was good to little Dot—I was, indeed—and I'll go and search all London over for her, till I've not got a sole to my foot."

"Have you heard anything of Don, Peggy?" asked Mrs. Clack.

"Oh, yes! I've gone to the hospital again, out of my own head," she answered; "me and Dot, only he'd gone away from there to another hospital with a very hard name, down by the sea, and they said he'd come back as strong as a horse."

"That's good news," said Mrs. Clack, taking the tea-pot out of Peggy's hand, and going back to her room with a feeling of relief. The damp chips and coal which had been sputtering and smouldering in the grate were beginning to burn up brightly, and by the time her little tea-table was set ready beside the fire, she felt very much cheered and in better spirits.

"Well, God is taking care of Don," she said to herself, "that's quite plain, sending him down to the sea to get strong and well. And me, too, He's sent into the country, and it stands to sense, He'll take care of little Dot; He's not likely to overlook her, when He's so fond of little children. Maybe Mr. Abbott's found her already. Eh! it's a rare thing to be a man."

Abbott had not found Dot, though he was hurrying from one police-station to another, describing her and her clothing, as he had heard them described by Hagar and Mrs. Clack. His description was vague enough, and he could learn nothing about the lost child. At last, as he drew near home, he met with a policeman who was carrying on his arm a little creature that had fallen fast asleep with its head upon his shoulder. Abbott stopped him to look at the sleeping face, and drowsy little head.

"I've never seen the child I'm seeking after," he said, "and I'm fairly puzzled; I can't tell for certain if this is the one. Age three, dark eyes—I cannot see the eyes—light, curly hair and fair skin, red cloak, brown hat and blue frock, button shoes—but this child has lost its shoes—name Hagar, but answers to the name of Dot. Dot!" he called, patting the little cheek, "Dot!" but the child only answered by a sleepy cry, and nestled its head down again on the policeman's shoulder.

"I'm just going off my beat," he said, "and if you'll step with me as far as the station, I'll come round with you to Hawthorne Road, and take the child with me. It's no more than a step out of my way."

It was past midnight when Abbott and the policeman turned into Hawthorn Road, and all the houses were dark and silent, except his own. He was five hours behind his time, and he knew very well that the two women standing on the door-steps, looking out anxiously, could be no other than his cousin and Hagar. Was he really bringing home her child to her? He did not know what she would do if this was not Dot.

The steady tread of their footsteps sounded loudly in the silent street, and reached the ears of the anxious women before they could see who was coming. Hagar was the first to catch sight of Abbott, and of the policeman carrying a little child in his arms; she could see the curly head resting on his shoulder, as he passed under the lamps. Her heart seemed to stand still, and her limbs felt heavy and rigid, as if they would not move at her will. But with a great effort she recovered herself, and darting down the road, she met them before they could reach the house. She snatched the child, her child, from the policeman, and sank down on the pavement, clasping it to her bosom.

"Hagar! Hagar!" exclaimed Abbott. "I'm not sure it's Dot. I never saw your little lost girl. Look at her and see. Only you can tell if it's Dot."

She scarcely dared to lift up the drowsy face, or fix her own eyes upon it. Her arms relaxed their hold, and again her heart seemed to cease its rapid throbbing. Abbott caught the little creature, and held it under her failing eyes, and then Hagar, with a low moan, pushed it away, and fell senseless to the ground.

CHAP. XIII.—DOT AND DON IN THE WORLD.

It was hard work to Abbott to

leave home the next morning before Hagar was awake from the miserable, restless slumber into which she had fallen after recovering from her swoon. It was as hard work as when his mother lay dying. He must be away three days, but there was no help for it. "Men must work, and women must weep"—and with a heavy heart, and spirits more down than his comrades had ever known them to be, he set out for his three days' absence.

One idea was firmly rooted in Don's mind—that the whole force of the police, with all the parish officers, even to the parish doctor, were in a band, set upon catching little Dot, and confining her in the dismal prison of a workhouse. He had heard terrible stories of that unknown place; stories which had made his flesh creep and his soul rebel against the thought of ever entering it himself, or suffering any one else to meet so fearful a lot. Old Lister's strong hatred of it had increased his own dread. Could he consent to little Dot being shut up within those dreary walls, and having her merry little life crushed out of her? Don was ready to die first.

The first and chief thing to be done was to throw their pursuers off the scent; and Don took as many precautions as if all the millions of London folks were avowed enemies, seeking to snatch Dot from him. He made his way to the East End with cunning changes of his route; dodging from street to alley, and from alley to street; threading the thickest mazes of courts and passages where a policeman was seldom if ever seen. He made it impossible to trace his course. When Dot was tired he carried her till his arms ached; or he sat down in the shelter of a doorway, nursing her carefully on his knees that no damp should strike to her from the stone steps. Every word she said, every smile on her little face, was precious to him. God, he thought, had given to him the charge of saving the child from a fearful doom; and he was bent on fulfilling the charge to the utmost.

Late in the evening they found themselves in a poor alley not far from the docks; and as Don had still half of his money left, he again sought the shelter of a lodging house, and gave the woman who kept it one of his few pennies to wash Dot's face and hands.

It was Sunday the next day; and he left the close lodging-house early, not with any idea of getting work, for he had been taught at the Convalescent Home that he must do no manner of work on a Sunday; and he was determined upon faithfully obeying God's laws, as far as he knew them. But he had only sevenpence left; and if he did nothing to earn a few pence all day, he must make a choice between hunger and houselessness when night came back again. He could not buy both food for the day and shelter for the night. If he had been alone, nothing would have prevented him from satisfying the cravings of his hunger; but there was little Dot to consider. There could be no question as to whether she could bear the cold of a March night spent out of doors. He bought a penny loaf for her, and begged a drop of milk from a good-natured-looking woman who kept a little shop at the corner of a street, and who gave him a few stale crusts that were beginning to get mouldy. Don made a feast of them on the first empty doorstep they came to. He felt as if he could go without any more food that day, and if he could satisfy Dot they might still be able to pay for a shelter at night.

He had time, now that his most pressing cares were over, to think of Mrs. Clack at leisure. Dot was playing up and down the steps beside him in the court where they had breakfasted, and there was no immediate anxiety to divert his thoughts. How good Mrs. Clack had been to him! He remembered his dark sleeping-place, and the hard old mattress he had been used to lie upon, with a painful choking in his throat. And Mrs. Clack's fireside, where he had spent many a warm, peaceful evening, often never uttering a word, but watching wonderingly her serious face as she sat reading her book, or making up her accounts, and counting out her money. What a clever, knowing, wise woman she was; and always so good to him!

Could it be only two days since he bade good-by to the folks at the Convalescent Home, and journeyed back to London in high hopes and gay spirits? All the time he had been at the seaside he had been treasuring up in his memory strange things to tell her and important questions to ask her. His teachers down there had told him very wonderful stories about God and Jesus Christ, which he had loved to listen to; but he was scarcely prepared to give them full faith till he had heard what Mrs. Clack had to say. It was so strange that she should never have told him such good news as the words he had learned by heart: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Mrs. Clack knew about Jesus Christ; she had spoken his name to old Lister when he lay dying; and he should be quite sure she would not deceive him in any way. Very grand and beautiful the words sounded; but how was he to be sure they were true, now Mrs. Clack was dead?

Don covered his face with his hands to hide the tears stealing down his cheeks. But this was a signal to Dot that he was inclined to play at bo-peep; and she clapped her little hands, and pulled at him, and laughed merrily, till he was forced to uncover his sad face and begin to play with her. But his heart was heavy in spite of the game and little Dot's merriment. Oh, how good Mrs. Clack had been to him; and now she was dead!

"What's the matter, youngster?" asked a policeman, who was sauntering past, and stopped to look at Don's sorrowful attempts at play.

"Nothink sir!" he cried, starting to his feet in alarm, and catching Dot up in his arms.

"Your little sister, eh?" said the policeman, idly.

"She's my little gel," he answered in haste. "Nobody belongs to her or me. I'm all she's got, and she's all I've got."

"All right, my lad," he said, slowly pacing on, whilst Don looked after him, his heart beating, and his limbs trembling with the shock of fear. He was not as strong as a horse yet, in spite of his fortnight at the seaside. As soon as the dreaded policeman was out of sight, he crept away to another and poorer street, and sat down in a more out-of-the-way corner. The church-bells were ringing and chiming from one tower to another, and fell pleasantly on his ear.

"It's Sunday, God's own day," he said to little Dot; "and we musn't work on Sundays. I scarcely know why; but if God wishes it I won't, and p'raps He'll give me good luck to-morrow. They told me I ought to go to church on Sunday; those great, big churches that are kept locked up all week. They're God's own houses, they said; and we ought to go there on God's days, when they are open. I don't think the folks 'ud like you and me to go—we're not fine enough, Dot, maybe they'd be asking us questions. So we'll stay here and keep quiet and snug, and God won't miss us amongst such a many."

"I want to go," said Dot, pouting a moment.

"Ay! we'll go some day," he answered, "when I've picked up lots of money, and brought you a pretty frock. I'd like my little gel to go to God's house, but I must work hard and learn hard; and Dot shall be one of God's little children, as can read and write and sing. There was a little gel once as Jesus Christ called back again after she was dead. Oh! I wish he'd been by to call Mrs. Clack back again."

(To be continued.)

THE LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

The Family Circle.

WEEDING THE ONION BED.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

The day was long, and the sun shone hot
Upon farmer Goodson's garden spot,
Where corn and cabbages, beets and peas,
Melons and cucumbers, those and these,
Grew and spread in the sun and light;
Wrestling upward and downward with
might,
While in and among them, flourishing still
As only weeds can, weeds grew with a will.

"Weeds grow apace," the old farmer said,
Leisurely viewing his garden bed;
Well, the plough for the corn, for the cabbage
the hoe,
But then in some places, I ought to know,
There's nothing so certain the weeds to de-
stroy
As the fingers and thumb of a trusty boy,
So, raising his voice, he shouted to Ned:
Here, sonny, come weed out this onion bed.

The day was hot, and the beds were dry,
As garden beds are in late July;
And Ned was reading his story book,
In the cool, sweet shade by the orchard
brook.
While wondering whether he'd come with
grace,
Or with frown and pout on his bright young
face,
I looked, and lo! there was plucky Ned
Tugging away in the onion bed.

Oft and again as the day wore by,
Till the sun went down in the Western
sky,
I glanced toward the garden, and always
there
I caught the gleam of his gold brown hair
As under the hat, his curly head
Bent low o'er the weeds in the onion bed.

Ah, years have journeyed and gone since
then,
And Ned is a man in the world of men
With heart and hand, and a steadfast will,
He is pulling the weeds of evil still,
A shining record and noble fame
Belong to-day to his honored name.
Yet nowise grander he seems to be,
Than long ago he appeared to me
When promptly bending his curly head
Patiently weeding the onion bed.

A STORY FOR TO-DAY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The early morning Chicago and North-Western express made a very brief halt at a little station out upon one of the interminable prairies one Monday morning last autumn, and the passengers in the last coach looked with interest at the group of persons who were hurried on board.

It was a modest, quietly apparelled woman, with a pleasant face and a low, even voice, who had evidently so long accustomed herself to the limited quarters of a prairie cabin, that she felt bound to pack her luggage, her six pretty children and herself in as small a space as possible.

When it became known that the beautiful little family of children were natives of the prairie, and that they were going for the first time to mamma's home in New Hampshire to spend Thanksgiving, there was not a person in the coach who did not feel an interest in and desire benedictions upon them.

As it happened, before this group of little people came in, there had not been a child in the coach all the way from Cedar Rapids, and the six engaging young strangers brightened up the weary through passengers wonderfully. One after another the children were borrowed from their mother and invited to share this one's fruit, and that one's lunch, and to look at the pictures in another's book, so that long before they reached Chicago, every one of the genial passengers knew that the quiet mother was Mrs. Marcia Haywood, and that she had a married sister, Mrs. Jane Hanover, also settled in the West, who, with her four boys, were going home with her to Thanksgiving, and that the two families expected to meet in Chicago.

"We were very happy because we were able to take the early Monday morning train," said Jennie Haywood, the eldest of the six children, who was perched upon the arm of a seat and prattling away to a very sympathetic audience. "We didn't think of going till we had a letter from Aunt Jane that she was going, and she sent the money to pay part of our expenses; so papa said we must go, of course, and she wrote that we must travel on Sunday, too, across the prairie to the station in our ox-cart so that we could take the cars to-day and meet auntie in Chicago at the time she appointed. But mamma said she wouldn't travel on the Lord's Day on any account, and papa said he should be afraid something dreadful would happen to us if we did. So mamma got everything ready on Saturday, and on Sunday we went to meeting as usual. The minister knew we were going East, and he preached a sermon on purpose for us. Such a lovely sermon as it was! It made almost everyone cry, because, you see, I suppose it made them homesick; for, you know, all the settlers came from somewhere in the East, and they are all talking about going back on a visit some Thanksgiving, as soon as they have money enough to spare.

"There was a stranger, gentleman, at church who had come North to look up some land claims. He stopped at the minister's over Sunday because he thought it would be wrong to drive along on that day. He talked in our Sunday-school so nicely that all the children knew what he meant. He told stories about people who failed to prosper in the end because they broke the Sabbath and neglected to join in the worship of God when they could. He said they were not superstitions nor happenings, but the sure result of breaking one of His commandments. After meeting he talked with papa and mamma and told them he was going to start that night, when the moon was up, and drive to the station; that he had two horses and a big waggon, and could take us along with him as well as not. So, as we were all ready, we came with him. It was much nicer than it would have been to ride in our ox-cart, only we had to bid poor papa good-bye away there at home instead of having him with us all the way across the prairie."

When the train reached Chicago there was no Aunt Jane awaiting Mrs. Haywood, and no message from her, so Mrs. Haywood kept on in company with the passengers, with whom she now felt quite well acquainted, feeling confident that her sister had gone on by a preceding train.

That ingenuous little story of Jennie's had started an interesting and edifying discussion concerning the observance of the Sabbath among the passengers. Then the quiet mother told of her trials when she first settled on the prairie, in endeavoring to keep the Sabbath holy, as she had been taught to do in New England,—how it dawned upon her at first that if there were to be sober, honest, prosperous, God-fearing communities in the great West, effort must be put forth to make them so and keep them so.

In order to do their part in this direction in their own little community, she and her husband had started a Sunday-school which met, at first, in their little cabin, and afterwards in a temporary building erected for it. The school had been a success from the first, and now an organized working church and a settled minister, whose salary was wholly paid by the community, was the happy result. Besides, there was not a Sabbath-breaker in the neighborhood.

"That is the only way to do in the West," said Mrs. Haywood, "where everything is so free and so roomy and so inclined to run at loose ends." So engrossed were the more thoughtful of the passengers while the "Sunday question" was under discussion, that the little stations, the villages and the larger towns seemed to flit by the car-windows like bright-winged birds. The gentle mother and the happy, light-hearted brood of children had spread such an element of good fellowship throughout the car that before night the passengers all felt like old friends, and bade each other good-bye at Albany, the next afternoon, with real regret.

Before the arrival at Albany, however, the gray-haired old gentleman had drawn up a paper which all the passengers signed, pledging themselves to the upholding of the Christian Sabbath in whatever situation in life they might be placed. As there were a minister, an editor of an influential secular paper and two or three teachers in the car, the wholesome ideas provoked by the pleasant discussion were likely to be reiterated on wider fields. The old gentleman told Mrs. Haywood, as he assisted her and her children on board the northern train at Springfield and bade them good-bye, that many people from the best social, professional and business circles all over the country were stirring in the matter of Sunday observance, and that she herself had assisted in the good movement by the relation of her prairie experience and the earnest, intelligent discussion it had elicited on the journey.

The next morning the sun rose clear and bright over the red buildings, broad meadows and evergreen uplands belonging to the Lovejoy homestead, which lay pleasantly upon an easterly slope in one of the picturesque hill-towns of Southern New Hampshire.

As Grandpa Lovejoy was stubbing down the gravel walk with a pail of paint in his hand, the "Depot Village" omnibus drove up the road and into the yard. Grandpa looked, dropped the pail and cried, "Marcia! can it be that these old eyes behold my precious little chick again?"

"I'm so glad to get here in the morning," said the sweet, quiet home-comer, after she had been lifted out of the vehicle by her father, who could not speak a word from his glad surprise, and had been hugged, kissed and cried over by the rest of the family. Before entering the house, she paused to glance around. "It all looks so natural," she said, with joyful tears; "just as I have dreamed of seeing the dear old home so many, many times. But where are Jane and the boys? Was it to surprise you that she did not tell you of our coming?"

"Jane? Jane?" they all echoed.

"Yes, father, hasn't she arrived yet? I supposed, all the way from Chicago, that she was on a train in advance of us."

"No, daughter," said John Lovejoy, who now had two of the children in his arms, while the rest were clinging to him, "she has not come, and we have not heard from her for at least a month,—have we, Ruth?"

A foreboding cloud hung over the group, to be dispelled in a measure by little Ruthy, who piped up sweetly, "Don't worry; 'the good Lord will take care of His own.' That was what the man with the horses told papa when we came away,—don't you know, mother?"

All the next day at the Lovejoys there were frequent arrivals of relatives and a merry jingling of sleigh-bells mingled with voices of kindly greetings. But the expected daughter and her boys did not come, although the big yellow pung was twice sent to the railroad station to meet the incoming trains. At four o'clock, after waiting two hours, the gathered family sat down to a dinner which, in point of quantity and quality, is served only on Thanksgiving days in New England. There was, however, a lurking shadow of disappointment and anxiety present at the feast which all the thankfulness and childish merriment could not dissolve.

Grandpa Lovejoy had just bowed his venerable head to ask a blessing upon the food, when there was heard a loud shout in the direction of the front yard from boisterous young voices which almost drowned the brazen chime of sleigh-bells.

"They've come!" exclaimed Jennie. "That's cousin Johnny's voice, I know. Oh, they are awfully noisy boys!"

"It's the team from the 'Corners,' and they must have come by the way of Boston," said John Lovejoy as they all left the table and hurried out.

"Oh dear, I'm here at last," said poor Jane; "but such a time as I have had, and I'm so weary, and this snow, and the sun just setting, and seeing you all—it is just like a dream, and it makes me so homesick even now," and the tired woman broke down and sobbed upon her mother's shoulder.

"You see how the way of it was," said Johnny Hanover, the oldest of the boys, going at once to gentle Aunt Marcia, and twining his arm about her neck: "We started Sunday morning in spite of all you wrote against it. When we got to our railway station the agent persuaded papa, because he said there was money to be saved, to buy tickets for us to come on by a different route from the one we intended to take. There was a mixed train just leaving the station, and the agent said that, if we got right aboard of that, we should connect with a through express at the 'junction.' After we had started, and our hurry was over, we looked at our tickets and found that they would not take us through Chicago at all, so as to meet you. Then we missed the express and had to take an accommodation train, and we have missed connections all along, and everything has gone wrong, and mamma is almost tired to death."

"And me is 'most 'tarved, too," said the youngest boy, "'cause we lost our lunch-basket a dood while ago where we tooked some more cars."

"It all came from our disregard of the Sabbath," said Mrs. Hanover, who had wiped her eyes and found her voice, while loving hands removed her wraps, bathed her hands and face and smoothed her hair, "I began wrong in my new Western home, but Marcia could see that the New England settlers must carry with them the home Sabbath, and she acted accordingly. While she and her husband brought over her old neighbors, as well as the foreign element, to adopt her views, we, in our section, fell in with the new ways, and made too much of a holiday of the Sabbath. Father, I am to make you a long visit, and when my boys return with me, they shall carry with them the old-time Sabbath," and all the now thoroughly happy company, as they drew up to the yet steaming table, said "Amen."—*Watchman.*

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS COLORS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

BOY WANTED. Enquire at No. 1 Exchange street. Private Office.

Everybody in the large manufacturing town of Handsborough and its vicinity knew that "No. 1 Exchange street" was the large wholesale and retail china and glass warehouse of Lowell, Clark & Company. Everybody also well knew that a situation in that old and respectable house was the most desirable one that could be had in all that region, and at the same time the most difficult for any boy or young man to secure.

Among a group of bright, handsome lads who were reading that advertisement in the *Handsborough Morning Journal* on this fair autumn morning, was Tom Harding. "Just like Major Lowell to advertise in that short way, with no particulars," said he. "He will just enjoy having half the boys in this town, and in a dozen other towns about here, answer that advertisement in person. It will give him a chance to question, then quiz, and then discharge them with a long lecture. And the Major will remember every one of them who had the hardihood to come before his awful majesty, and will call him by name should he happen to meet him at any time during his mortal life. I want a job bad enough, but I won't go near him."

Nevertheless, that afternoon Tom Harding did walk along down to No. 1 Exchange street in company with his cousin, Ernest Sawyer, who had seen the laconic advertisement in the copy of the *Journal* his father took at his home in Hudsonville, twenty-five miles away, and had come up to Handsborough at once on the noon train to answer it in person.

"I came in the baggage car with my brother who is the baggage-master," said Ernest. "I am a sort of spare hand for the railway company, so it did not cost me anything to run up. I should like the situation first-rate; father knows Major Lowell, but I suppose there isn't much chance, it's so late in the day, for one thing."

"Not a shadow of a chance," replied Tom, "but as long as you are here we will run down there and see the show. I've heard of a dozen boys already who couldn't get the job. I saw two or three of them; they looked crestfallen enough."

"Hallo!" said Tom, as the two boys were walking along arm in arm, "What sort of a badge is that you are sporting on the lapel of your coat. You can't be a Free Mason; you aren't old enough for that."

"Oh, no!" replied Ernest, laughing and turning around so that his cousin could get a better view of the bit of bright blue ribbon with its modest silver pin bearing the words, "Dare to do Right."

"Thunder!" cried Tom. "It will be as much as your neck is worth to walk through the streets of this town among the roughs with that temperance banner waving on your person. I advise you to take it right off."

"My brother told me I had better remove it as we were coming up," said Ernest, "but I have as good a right to carry my colors in sight as, for instance, that fellow has to carry his," and the strong, intelligent-looking lad nodded towards a large, very obese, bull-necked, low-browed man, with a small red rose, and purple, blotched cheeks, standing in the door of a dingy "restaurant" the two boys were just then passing.

"Ha! ha! Jack Wood does carry his colors pretty conspicuously, that's a fact—Hurrah there! now for some fun. See that little man trying to stand there just inside the door? His money is all gone, and "Big Jack" is going to clear him out."

"That is rather rough treatment, however," said Ernest, as the burly saloon-keeper hurled a slight, very intoxicated Irishman down the steep, wooden steps. The latter stumbled, fell, then gathered himself up and tried to walk along, but his motions were so unsteady that the people passing up the sidewalk were continually running against him. Presently, a porter who was very carefully carrying a large basket of china-ware came along. The intoxicated man was just in the act of pitching down in front of him, when he was quickly and deftly seized by Ernest and set upon his feet again. The lad then gave the porter's heavy burden a steadying hand, at the same time with flashing eyes and resolute mien bidding the rabble, which had now gathered about the Irishman, begone and let the poor, intoxicated fellow alone.

Ernest was not a very large boy for his age, but his bold, determined manner and the decided way with which he doubled up his fists and struck an attitude of defence, caused the sidewalk to be instantly cleared.

Just at this moment, a fine-looking, elderly gentleman came down the steps of the large store on the corner opposite.

"Well done, my lad; well done," said he. "You not only saved that poor drunken fellow's head, but you rescued that package of china of mine from a general smash. I have a passion for china, and these beautiful and delicate wares that pass through my hands are just like flesh and blood to me. I must acknowledge I was in a fever of excitement when I looked up yonder and thought that lot, which was on the way to my best local customer, Esquire Russell, must surely have a tumble upon the stone pavement.

"And what is this blue temperance badge, and the motto 'Dare to do Right,' worn by a boy in the streets of Handsborough for?" asked the old gentleman, who had now approached the lad and was examining the ribbon and pin. "I advertised for a boy that I want in our store this very morning. I have had a stream of applications already, but I have found as yet no boy that exactly suits me. Some were too weak and dainty, some were too ignorant and some knew too much, and so on, and so on. I—"

"This boy is my cousin, Ernest Sawyer, from Hudsonville, Major Lowell," spoke up Tom, who had remained in the background somewhat during the fracas and when the Major first addressed Ernest, but who now came forward boldly enough. "He came up on the cars this noon to answer your advertisement, and we were on the way to your store, sir."

Ernest was duly hired by Major Lowell, has since been promoted, and is now in a fair way to become a member of the prosperous and well-known firm of Lowell, Clark & Company. Through his influence there are many young men in Handsborough to-day who are not ashamed to let their Christian as well as temperance principles be known by their walk and talk—in other words—are not ashamed to wear their colors. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE AQUARIUM.

My second aquarium consisted of a plain glass jar, containing about a gallon. Jars of the same kind are very commonly used in constructing galvanic batteries. In this I carefully built up some rock-work, with fragments of stone from the sea-shore, leaving two or three arches for the accommodation and entertainment of the future inhabitants of their little ocean. Having filled the jar with clear salt-water, and put into it some tufts of green sea-weed, I placed in it two little minnows, about an inch and a half in length, and three or four "shore-snails," for scavengers. I then placed the jar on the shelf among the window-plants, where it freely received the sun-light, and left it to take care of itself.

Everything went on finely. The little minnows (Mr. Hibbard says, "No aquarium is perfect without minnows") became entirely tame, and were so playful as to attract the attention of visitors more than the entire collection of plants among which they were placed. One old gentleman, with hair as white as snow, who spent some time with us, would watch their gambols for half-an-hour at a time. A pair of gold-fish, which I kept, excited far less interest than the lively little minnows.

The snails, also, won no inconsiderable attention. It was quite interesting to see them make their way along the smooth glass without any perceptible organs of locomotion, and devour the delicate sea-weed which had commenced growing there, leaving a clean, narrow path behind them.

During the autumn and the entire winter the aquarium was presenting something new to interest and please. Several different kinds of sea-weeds, some very delicate and beautiful, grew from germs contained in the water, and a great variety of animalculæ made their appearance. During that winter I spent hours of absorbing interest in examining, with the microscope, different objects of animal and vegetable growth which came into existence there; and I found no more successful means of entertaining a friend on a winter's evening, than that of exhibiting the novel and beautiful forms and movements of things taken from my aquarium.

My next two aquariums were of my own construction. They were made with marble bottom and ends, with glass sides. A former pupil of mine had become engaged in work in stone and marble, in an establishment in the city of Providence. Through his assistance I obtained some pieces of marble, rough as they were left by the saw, from which, with a little instruction, I made the bottom and ends. He furnished me with two pieces of sand-stone, one of moderately coarse texture, and the other very fine, with which I succeeded in giving to the marble a finely-polished surface. He also furnished me with a chisel, with which to cut the grooves in the bottom to receive the end-pieces and the plate-glass sides, which I had a glazier cut for me of the proper size. I put the parts together, making the joints water-tight by using a cement made by melting together pitch and gutta-percha. White lead would answer the purpose instead of cement, if it would not poison the water. It may be used with more certainty of success than cement, provided it be covered with something that will prevent the water from coming in contact with it. I have since used lead, covered, after becoming thoroughly dry, with a coating of melted gutta-percha cement. At top the two end-pieces were held together by a large brass wire, with screws and nuts at the end.

The smaller and first-made of these aquariums contained about six gallons; the larger, nearly thirty. They both were handsome, and answered their purpose finely. Their construction consumed many leisure hours, both in the evening and on Saturdays; but the work was interesting to me, and furnished a most perfect relaxation from the duties and labors of the school-room. To such as may have the inclination, and the requisite mechanical skill, I can recommend a similar occupation of a portion of the teacher's leisure hours.—*I. F. Cady, in N. E. Journal of Education.*

A MANLY WORD TO BOYS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

When I was just fifteen, I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have never been sorry for what I then did; no, not even once. I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived, or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus to be His servant was the best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and to be happy, then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's troubles. Because I would wish every boy who reads these lines to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I therefore plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience and know what I say.

Once as I stood musing at a window, I saw a fly upon it, and made a brush with my hand to catch it. When I opened my hand, the fly was not inside, but still on the same place of the glass. Scarcely thinking what I did, I made another brush with my hand and thought I had captured the insect, but with the same result. There was the victim, quietly retaining his place in spite of me. It was on the other side of the glass. And when I saw that it was so I smiled at my own folly. Those who attempt to find pleasure out of Christ will experience a like failure, for they are seeking on the wrong side of the glass. When we are on the side of Jesus Christ, and having believed in Him are cleansed and forgiven, then our pursuit of joy will be successful; but till then we shall labor in vain, and spend our strength for naught. It is of no use digging for coal where the strata show that there cannot be any; and equally useless is it to try after happiness where God's word, and the experience of those who have gone before us, assure us that happiness cannot be found. But then it is all the more needful that we should seek it where it can be had, and give ourselves at once to the search. He who believes in the Lord Jesus is blessed in the deed.

What hinders you from believing? Boys, why should you not, while yet you are boys, believe in the Lord Jesus unto salvation? Do not imagine that you cannot now be Christians; the gifts of our heavenly Father's love are not reserved for a certain age; boys may be saved, boys may be workers for Jesus, boys may bring glory to God. Others may despise your conscientious choice, and make mirth of your holy carefulness, but what matters it? Some of us have been laughed at for these twenty years, and are none the worse for it; we have had all manner of evil spoken falsely against us for Christ's name's sake, but we are all the happier for it. Oh, boys, if you are renewed in heart, and become for life and death the Redeemer's, none can really harm you. All must be right with him who is right with God.—*Boys' Own Paper.*

THAT PROMISSORY NOTE.

BY THE REV. H. B. HOOKER, D. D.

As I fell in with it lately, it seemed so different from any I had ever seen, having certain striking peculiarities, that I could not but give them special attention.

The note was very old. There was no particular date upon the face of it; but everything about it showed it as having the savor of great antiquity. No business paper I had ever seen was like it in this respect, yet it seemed as new and fresh as if it had not been signed an hour.

Many people—it was soon seen—owned that same note, for it had the marvellous peculiarity that copies of it could be multiplied indefinitely, and each be equally valuable to the owner; and all as certain to be paid as if there had been but one note.

As to its value, you take in the value of most business notes at a glance, but this one did not specify any value, as if dollars and cents were the measure of it. Indeed, the amount pledged in the note was not, and could not be, stated in words or figures. No arithmetic could reach it. There was more promised in it than all the business notes ever written could pledge.

But the lack of special money specification did not lessen, in the least, its value to the owners. This was shown by the way they treated this note, for it was cherished as the most valuable of all treasures. In the deepest of sorrows they have found the richest comfort in looking on the face of it, and it seemed to increase in value everytime they looked on it. Every word was a ray of light to cheer them in their darkness.

The promisor, how about ability to pay? Those holding this note were conscious that so much had been paid upon it already that they wished no greater assurance than that, that the giver was good for the whole. Moreover, his name stood so high, and he had been and was being so highly honored where he was best known, that there could not but be boundless confidence in him. He had performed other promises, so many and great, that there could be no distrust.

When payable? No specific date for that. Just as fast as the holders come for the pay they get it, at least a portion of it. Payment of the whole at once was impossible, being so great, and was never asked for.

There was no "For value received" in this note; for no value had been received by the giver of the note from the recipient. He comes in possession of it as the freest of gifts. He was welcome to all the good it promised.

Counterfeiting is impossible. The amount pledged in this note is so great as at once to expose forgery, if attempted; and it is of no use to forge a note, a copy of which is in the hands of nineteen-twentieths of all the people in the land.

The note cannot be destroyed or lost. No thief can steal it, no fire can burn it, no age make it illegible, no handling deface it.

But it is time to look upon the actual face of this most extraordinary note. We shall look on the face of an old friend; seen ten thousand times before. But we shall doubtless recognize the above-named features of this most remarkable promissory note.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Congregationalist.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

73. How was Palestine divided during the time of our Saviour?
74. In which part was Nazareth situated?
75. On what occasion were Paul and Barnabas taken for gods?
76. How many instances have we of Christ raising the dead to life?
77. Who took Judas' place among the twelve apostles?
78. By whose order was James the brother of John martyred?
79. What three portions of the Holy Scriptures did the Saviour say contained predictions concerning himself?
80. Who said, "Be not weary in well-doing?"
81. Who was reigning in Judah when Joseph returned from Egypt with the infant Jesus?
82. What emperor banished all Jews from Rome?
83. To what city did Lot go when he fled from Sodom?
84. At what age were the Levites no longer allowed to serve in the temple?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The letters in the following words, when re-arranged, form the name of a false god, to whom human sacrifices were offered:—

1. A man noted for wisdom.
2. An unclean beast.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

49. Abel, Gen. iv. 4.
50. Aaron, Ex. xxviii. 1.
51. Annas and Caiaphas, Luke iii. 2.
52. Stephen, Acts vii. 58.
53. The Eunuch of Ethiopia, Acts viii. 27, 38.
54. Barnabas, Acts xiii. 2, 4.
55. Silas, Acts xv. 40.
56. Because Barnabas wanted to take John Mark with them, but Paul was not willing that he should go, Acts xv. 37, 40.
57. Elisha and Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 19.
58. The cave of Makkedah, Josh. x. 17.
59. Zedekiah, 1 Chron. xxxvi. 11.
60. Nebuchadnezzar, 2 Kings xxv. 1, 2.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ARIMATHEA.

1. Ahira—Num. 1 15.
2. Tema—Gen. xxv. 15.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No 5.—Lizzie Mitchell, 11; W. E. Brooks, 9; William A. Gray, 8; Flora Jane Craig, 11; William Walsh, 12; Mary E. Coats, 12; Freddie W. Moulton, 12 en; Rebecca E. Munroe, 8; Edwin Brooks, 9.

To No 4.—James Morton, 9 en; Nellie Bridge, 8; Maggie Sutherland, 12 en; Eva Holmes, 10 en; Martha Barnhill, 10; Maggie Calhoun, 10 en; Kate McPherson, 12 en; H. M. McClive, 9; Rebecca J. Moore, 9; Susie M. Eastment, 9 en; James Wainwright, 2; John E. R. Wainwright, 5; William C. Wickham, 12; Mary H. McLeod, 11 en; Ella Huff, 10; Robert M. Grindley, 11 en; Mary H. McLeod, 11 en.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON II.

APRIL 11.]

THE INVITATION OF CHRIST. Matt. 11: 20-30.

[About A. D. 28.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 27-30.

20. Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

21. Woe unto thee, Cho-ra-zin! woe unto thee, Beth-sa-i-da! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Si-don, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

22. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Si-don at the day of judgment, than for you.

23. And thou, Ca-per-na-um, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sod-om, it would have remained until this day.

24. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sod-om in the day of judgment than for you.

25. At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

26. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

27. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

28. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

29. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

30. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. —Matt. 11: 28.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the refuge for the helpless.

NOTES.—CHO-RA-ZIN, "district of Zin," one of the towns on the Sea of Galilee, the site of which is uncertain, although the weight of authority seems to favor modern Kerazeh as the place. BETH-SA-I-DA, "house of fishing," a city on the north-western shore of Galilee, where Philip, Andrew, and Peter once resided. This city was blessed by the visits of Jesus, and was the scene of some of his miracles. TYRE AND SI-DON—the former means a "rock," the latter a "fishery"—two Phœnician towns on the Mediterranean (See Ezek. chs. 26, 27, 28.) CA-PER-NA-UM, "city of comfort," a city on the north-west side of the Sea of Galilee, and one of the most interesting localities of the Bible. Once a thriving town, the prophecy of the Saviour has been so literally fulfilled that even its exact site is now disputed. SO-DOM, "burning." All that is known concerning this lost city is found in the Bible. (See Gen., chs. 18, 19.)

COME UNTO ME.

WEARY, WEEPING, WOUNDED, WRETCHED,
SINFUL, SORROWFUL, SUFFERING, SAD,

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A DIVINE UPBRAIDING. (II.) A DIVINE THANKSGIVING. (III.) A DIVINE INVITATION.

I. A DIVINE UPBRAIDING. (20-23) THEN, doubtless at the close of Jesus' last visit to these cities; UPBRAID, severely rebuke; THE CITIES, the inhabitants of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum; MIGHTY WORKS, miracles; REPENTED NOT, rejected his teachings; WOE, a scathing prophecy; SACKCLOTH AND ASHES, tokens of deep sorrow and grief; MORE TOLERABLE, because the cities had greater opportunities; DAY OF JUDGMENT (see Matt. 25; 31, 46); EXALTED UNTO HEAVEN, by the presence and works of Jesus; TO HELL, to the lowest depths, literally, "Hades;" REMAINED, would have remained through its repentance.

II. A DIVINE THANKSGIVING. (25-27.) AT THAT TIME, probably at the return of the seventy (see Luke 10: 17-22); I THANK THEE, Jesus himself is grateful for the wonderful plan of redemption; LORD, "not his Lord, but Lord of heaven and earth"—(*Lange*); HID, not spiritually discerned; THESE THINGS, the divine nature of Christ and his spiritual kingdom; WISE AND PRUDENT, worldly wise; BABES, the followers of Christ, despised by Pharisees: SEEMED GOOD, it seemed right to the infinite Mind; ALL THINGS, the Son equal in wisdom and power to the Father; DELIVERED, not "revealed;" NO MAN, God's plans and purposes not comprehended by finite minds; WHOMSOEVER, "If any of you lack," etc. (see James 1: 5); THE SON, will reveal to all who ask in faith.

III. A DIVINE INVITATION. (28-30.) COME, a loving word of invitation, as clear and sweet as it was when it fell from divine lips; ME, who but Jesus could thus invite? ALL, every condition, class, color, age; LABOR . . . HEAVY LADEN, the load of sin heavy and hard to carry; GIVE, free; YOU, every individual invited; REST, from guilt, sin, fear, distress—rest from every burden; TAKE, the gift must be accepted; MY YOKE, indicates service; LEARN OF ME, follow my example; MEEK AND LOWLY, how light when compared with pride and vanity! FIND REST, that for which all are seeking; EASY, his service is delightful; BURDEN IS LIGHT, duty becomes pleasure.

LESSON III.

APRIL 18.]

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

Matt. 13: 20-30; 37-43.

[About A. D. 28.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 40-43.

24. Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field:

25. But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

26. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

27. So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

28. He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

29. But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also wheat with them.

30. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

* * * * * * *

37. He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

38. The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

39. The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

40. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

41. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

42. And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

43. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is the end of the world.—Matt. 13: 39.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will distinguish between the righteous and the wicked.

INTRODUCTORY.—This lesson is from the "parable chapter" in Matthew—a chapter in which are grouped together seven parables of our Lord, which bear a close and progressive relation to each other. But while they may have all been given the same day, they were not all spoken at the same time, nor is it likely that they were given in the order that Matthew has recorded them. What a beautiful picture is presented in the scene of the giving of these parables? Imagine a quiet, sunny day, Jesus with a few of his disciples seated in a ship on the still waters of Galilee, a short distance from the shore, on which were gathered the multitudes, while on the distant mountain-slope may have been seen husbandmen scattering seed.

NOTES.—PARABLE: "The parable is a brief narration of natural or earthly things, so constructed as to represent spiritual or heavenly truths to the mind. No compositions in human language so forcibly trace the analogies of nature and grace as the parables of our Lord. The sacred parable was a wonderful vehicle of truth to serve three distinct purposes—namely, to *reveal*, to *conceal*, and to *perpetuate*. It *revealed* the sacred truth by the striking power of analogy and illustration. It *concealed* the truth from him who had not by proper sympathy, or previous instruction, the true key to its hidden meaning. To such a one it was a riddle or a tale. But the truth thus embodied in narrative was, as it were, materialized, and made fit for *perpetuation*. It had a form and body to it, by which it could be preserved in tangible shape for future eyes."—*Whedon.*

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE PARABLE. (II.) THE EXPLANATION.

I. THE PARABLE. (24-30.) THEM, the multitudes on the shore; KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, the spiritual kingdom, Christ's reign in the earth; A MAN, the sower the Messiah; GOOD SEED, incorruptible (1 Pet. 1: 23), the word of God; HIS FIELD, Christ's; WHILE MEN SLEPT, at night; ENEMY, the devil; TARES, a wild weed, so closely resembling wheat in its early stages as not to be easily detected; wicked men; WHEAT, good men; THEN TARES ALSO, not distinguished till the fruit appears; HOUSEHOLDER, sower, owner; SIR . . FROM WHENCE, astonishment; AN ENEMY, out of malice and revenge; WILT . . . WE . . . GATHER, shall we destroy the wicked? NAY, not God's plan; LEST, the good will be endangered; WHEAT WITH THEM, roots of tares and wheat closely entwined; HARVEST, at death, end of the world to each individual; REAPERS, angels: GATHER . . . FIRST . . . TARES . . . WHEAT, the separation will then be made. God alone is Judge.

II. THE EXPLANATION (37-43). THEM, the disciples, after the multitude had been sent away; SON OF MAN, Jesus, both human and divine, both the seed and the sower; WORLD, not the Church; CHILDREN, the followers of Christ, Christians; OF THE WICKED, slaves to Satan, sinners; DEVIL (see 1 Pet. 5: 8), Satan; THE END, with each individual at death; TARES . . . BURNED, useless; so, an impressive word in this connection; ALL THINGS THAT OFFEND, the causes of evil; THEM THAT DO INIQUITY, evil persons; FURNACE OF FIRE, place of punishment for the wicked; WAILING . . . GNASHING, intense anguish and woe; THEN, after the banishment of the wicked; SHINE FORTH AS THE SUN (Dan. 12: 3); KINGDOM . . . FATHER, in glory; WHO . . . HEAR, a warning that we all should heed.

TWO SOWERS.		TWO CLASSES.	
Deceitful,	Just.	Troublesome,	Worthy.
Envious,	Excellent,	Abominable,	Holy.
Vile,	Spotless,	Rebellious,	Exalted.
Iniquitous,	Undefiled,	Evil,	Active.
Liar,	Saviour,	Sinful,	Triumphant.

SIXTEEN THOUSAND INCREASE.

Every day the number of subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER grows larger. Now it has the immense circulation of FIFTY-SEVEN THOUSAND copies, an increase of above fifteen thousand over last year. If this proportion of increase is kept up during the remainder of the year the number of subscribers to the MESSENGER will be at least SEVENTY thousand. At present, counting five readers to each paper, which is below the average number, the MESSENGER is read by two hundred and eighty-five thousand persons all over North America. How far this number may be increased during the summer is difficult to say; but the spring and summer is the very best time for the young folks, and they have undertaken to work for the MESSENGER, and whatever they undertake succeeds. We therefore will not make any guesses this time at the probable result, but hope that it will be beyond all expectations.

A FEW WORDS FROM WORKERS.

Perhaps every worker who sent in a few names during the year is astonished at the results of the work of the whole. There are few who can realize the amount of work required to get fifteen thousand subscribers to any paper, but that number was added to the MESSENGER last year. There are three reasons for this:—the workers have worked better than ever, the times are better than they have been for some years, and the MESSENGER is more attractive than ever. This year's prizes were also remarkably successful in giving satisfaction as is shown by the following letters:

DEAR SIR,—I received my present (the Testament). I think it is the best little book that ever was. It is a great deal better than I expected it would be, but the NORTHERN MESSENGER is the best paper in the world. I am well pleased since it is changed; it makes it better to look at. I could not get any more names this season, but I will try my best to get some before long. Would it do to send any new subscribers now? I was away when your letter came, so I could not write till I came home. I am, yours truly,

GEO. G. JENNINGS.

Certainly, it would do to send subscriptions now. We expect to do great things this summer.

DEAR SIR,—My object in sending for some copies of the MESSENGER is in order to put it in the hands of the superintendent in connection with our Sabbath-school, in the hope that some of the children and parents who take an interest in its welfare may subscribe toward it for their own edification. I am quite familiar with it. I read it for a number of years in my last field of labor, and I would only consider it a favor to be able to recommend it to my people. However, our Sabbath-school is not open in the winter on account of the inclemency of the weather and state of the roads, which should make it a very welcome visitor to our homes.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE MCKAY.

Kennear's Mills, P. O. Leeds; Quebec. March 8th, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—* * * This lot with the six names I sent you before New Year makes ten new subscribers, and you sent me, oh, such a beautiful Bible! I cannot get any new subscribers for the WITNESS here because everybody who knows anything takes it already, and father says I have done very well for wee mite of a girl only seven years old. Your little friend and reader.

HENRIETTA AIRTH.

SIR,—I received the portraits of the Princess and Marquis, and I am very much pleased with them; they are much nicer than I expected they would be.

J. H. PORTER.

GENTLEMEN,—Thanks for the Testament, which I received in due time. It is very nice and I am well pleased with it. I like working for your paper very much, and I should have got another subscriber but almost every person in our neighborhood takes the MESSENGER and it is hard to get new subscribers.

ANNIE M. RONSOM.

SIR,—I send you the names of four new subscribers for NORTHERN MESSENGER—part of the pupils of my class in the Sunday-school. I send for the papers at my own expense as I wish to do all the good I can in such a good work and try to circulate the paper in our neighborhood. I think good literature one of the best things we can present to our friends.

MISS ANNIE STAPLETON.

DEAR SIR,—I received the cut glass ink-bottle safe, and am very much pleased with it, and thank you very much for sending it. I like my pretty wee ink-bottle far better than the album and penholder.

ANNIE HOWITT.

SIR,—I was very highly pleased with the fine picture I received of the Princess Louise as a premium for getting up a club. Thanks to you for it. I will try and get a larger one next time.

Yours, with respect,

GERTIE S. BOYD, aged 11.

SIR,—I have received the picture of the Marquis of Lorne, for which I am very much pleased, and for which I return you many thanks.

Yours truly,

JOHN MCQUEEN.

THE *WITNESS.*

The WEEKLY WITNESS is a paper conducted on the same principles as the MESSENGER. It contains all the news, has valuable agricultural and other departments, and costs but $1.10 a year. Sample copies are sent free to all subscribers to the MESSENGER. Address

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

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